

Have Lived Long in the Land.
The most remarkable instance of longevity in the history of the Nutmeg State, perhaps, is noted in the Kimball family of the town of Preston, one member of it, Mrs. Abby S. Cook, who is passing the closing years of her life in the home of her daughter, Mrs. William H. Cook, of Franklin street, this city, having celebrated on Tuesday the 90th anniversary of her birthday. Mrs. Cook is the widow of the late Isaac H. Cook, of Preston. A large number of her relatives, friends and neighbors called at her home on her anniversary day and congratulated her, and the venerable lady, who is still hale and active and of a cheerful spirit, entertained them.

Mrs. Cook is a member of a family of eight children, sons and daughters of Eliza and Lucy Lathrop Kimball, all of whom are alive and in vigorous health, with the exception of Mrs. Sybil A. Branch, the eldest, who died two years ago at Roxbury, Mass., aged 90 years and 4½ months.

Here are the names and ages of the surviving members of the band: Abby S. Cook, 90 years old; Sarah Green, Iowa, 88; Sarah L. Brown, Chicago, 85; Nelson L. Kimball, Iowa, 82; Frances De Wolf, Chicago, 80; Lucius T. Kimball, Iowa, 78, and Rev. Nathaniel Kimball, Iowa, 76. The united ages of the brothers and sisters are 600 years, including that of Mrs. Branch.

The Modern Beauty
Thrives on good food and sunshine, with plenty of exercise in the open air. Her form glows with health and her face blooms with its beauty. If her system needs the cleansing action of a laxative remedy, she uses the gentle and pleasant Syrup of Figs. Made by the California Fig Syrup Company.

With many readers, brilliancy of style passes for affluence of thought. They mistake buttercups in the grass for immeasurable gold mines under ground.

A Great Railway.
The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Co. owns and operates 6,169 miles of road.
It operates its own Sleeping Cars and Dining Cars.
It traverses the best portion of the States of Illinois, Wisconsin, Northern Michigan, Iowa, Missouri, Minnesota, South and North Dakota.
Its Sleeping and Dining Car service is first-class in every respect.
It runs established, steam-heated and electric-lighted trains.
It has the absolute block system.
It uses all modern appliances for the comfort and safety of its patrons.
Its train employees are civil and obliging.
It tries to give each passenger "value received" for his money.
Its General Passenger Agent asks every man, woman and child to buy tickets over the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway—for it is A Great Railway.

The Dowager-Duchess of Abercorn recently had four grandchildren born in one day. One of her daughters had a son, then another had a daughter, and finally a third had twins.

Justice is, in the mind, a condition analogous to good health and strength in body.

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

KENNEDY'S MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

DONALD KENNEDY, OF ROXBURY, MASS.,
Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common Pimple.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both under humor). He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.
When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first. No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.

BICYCLISTS SHOULD

USE POND'S EXTRACT

CURES
Wounds, Bruises, Sunburn, Sprains, Lameness, Insect Bites, and ALL PAIN.

After hard WORK or EXERCISING rub with it to AVOID LAMENESS.

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES
Weak, Watery, Worthless.

POND'S EXTRACT OINTMENT CURES PILES. Sent by mail for 50c.

POND'S EXTRACT CO., 76 Fifth Ave., New York

When you come in hot and thirsty, —HIRES Root-beer.

Made only by The Charles E. Hires Co., Philadelphia. A 5c. package makes 5 gallons. Sold everywhere.

OLD EYES MADE NEW — Away with spectacles. By mail 10c. Look Box 788, N. York.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best, Quick, Sure, and Safe. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

THE FAMILY STORY

MR. * MEEK'S * DINNER.

"I WONDER, James," said Mrs. Meek, doubtfully, to her husband one morning, "if you could get your own dinner to-night. You see I've had to let the servant go on her holidays for a day or two, and they want me desperately at the Woman's Aid and Relief bazaar, to help them with their high tea from 4:30 to 8:30. If you thought you could manage by yourself—"

"I'll try to survive it," observed Mr. Meek, good-naturedly. "I don't fancy it will prove fatal."

"I'll get a roast and cook it this morning, then," went on Mrs. Meek, cheerfully, "and you can have it cold for dinner."

"Thank you," replied Mr. Meek, "you will do nothing of the kind. I fancy I haven't gone camping pretty much every year of my life for nothing. I suspect I can manage a hot dinner as well as most women."

Mrs. Meek had her doubts, and, unlike most wives, expressed them.

Mr. Meek viewed his wife's doubts with supreme contempt, and, unlike most husbands, expressed it.

Thus it finally resulted that Mrs. Meek abandoned all idea of preparing Mr. Meek's dinner for him, and betook herself to the bazaar. So it resulted, furthermore, that Mr. Meek left his office about 4 o'clock that afternoon, and proceeded to collect, on his way home, the necessary supplies for a dainty little dinner.

An alluring display of chickens were the first thing to catch his eye, and he was just on the point of securing one of them, when, by good luck, or more probably through the natural sagacity of the man, he recollected that—well, that you don't, as a rule, cook chickens as they are. In the momentary reaction that followed this feat of memory, he bought a couple of mutton chops and three tomatoes.

"I'll have a good, plain, old-fashioned English dinner," thought he, as he hurried past the deceitful chickens, with something almost akin to reproach. "None of your flimsy, poultry dinners for me!"

"By jove!" he exclaimed a moment later. "I'll have an apple pudding and some oyster soup to begin on."

He was so tickled with this idea that he promptly rushed into a grocery shop and purchased half a peck of their best eating apples, and then hurried home without a thought of the cab he was to order for his wife at 8:30 sharp.

By 5 o'clock he had the fire going beautifully, and everything ready for a start.

By 6 o'clock he was just beginning to enjoy the thing; the tomatoes were stewing divinely; the potatoes were boiling to their heart's content; and the milk for the oyster soup was simmering contentedly on the back of the stove. The oysters, by the by, had not arrived.

"Dear me," thought the ambitious gentleman, "I wish I had thought of it in time, and I'd have had some oyster patties for a sort of final dessert. Hello, what's this? By thunder, if that everlasting pig-headed woman hasn't left me some cold ham and a custard pie! By the Lord Harry, for 2 cents I'd throw the whole thing out into the back yard!"

The natural docility of his nature, however, prevailed, and he left the obnoxious viands unmolested, and proceeded with his dinner. At 6:30 he put the chops on to broil, "as in the good old days of yore"—this poetic allusion to the style of cooking being occasioned by one of them accidentally dropping into the fire, whence he rescued it with great presence of mind by the joint assistance of the stove lifter and one of the best table napkins. By the time the chop was thus rescued, both it and the table napkin were fairly well done—to say nothing stronger. This trifling difficulty he got over by putting the erring chop on the window sill to cool, and the napkin into the fire—to do the other thing.

This accomplished, and with one chop gently cooking on the gridiron and the other one cooling on the window sill, he started to construct the paste for his apple pudding. This proved most fascinating. He placed a large quantity of flour in a small bowl, emptied a jug of water on top of it, added butter to taste, and proceeded to mold it deftly into shape, as he had often seen his wife do. The flour and water promptly forsook the bowl and took themselves to his hands. Then the milk for the soup began to burn, just as the potatoes boiled dry. He rushed to the rescue and left the major portion of the paste fairly evenly divided between the handles of the two saucepans and the stove lifter. At this juncture the tomatoes started in to see if they couldn't surpass the milk in burning. They succeeded. The cat, which was accustomed to a 6:30 dinner, walked off with the chop on the window sill, while the chop on the fire grew beautifully black on the "down side." So many things were now burning all at the same time that Mr. Meek gave up all hope of trying to discover which one was burning most. "Let the dashed things burn till they're sick of it!" was the extremely broad-minded way in which he summed up the situation. With the astuteness that characterized him as distinguished from his fellow men, he at once gave up all efforts to track the truant paste, and simply popped his apples into the oven to bake.

It was now about 7:30, and the fire

was getting hotter than pretty much anything on earth, unless, perhaps, it was Mr. Meek. He turned all the dampers, opened all the doors and took off all the lids. This resulted most satisfactory, the fire began to cool. It didn't stop.

It got, if anything, a little low. After that it got very low. Then it went out. He rushed for kindling, and nearly took his head off on a clothesline. Just as he had got through nicely expressing his views on clotheslines in general, and that clothesline in particular, he went about twice as far toward taking his head off on the same clothesline on his way back.

The gentlest of natures when roused are often the most terrible. Mr. Meek became very terrible. He used up enough kindling, profanity and coal oil to have ignited the pyramids of Egypt. He stamped and shoved and poked and banged and cursed and shook till even the cat—and it had had its dinner—was displeased with him, and departed to the outer kitchen to try the oysters, which the dilatory grocer had just deposited on the table without waiting to parley with Mr. Meek. He was a wise grocer and had heard enough.

When, about five minutes later, Mr. Meek discovered that the cat had found the oysters to its taste, he became even less calm. Had the cat been around—but, like the grocer, it had heard enough, and taken an unobtrusive departure—is it hugely probable that a considerable majority of its nine lives would have come to an abrupt termination.

At this stage, to console the unfortunate man, the fire began to go again. Once started, it didn't stop. In about five minutes it had burned up what remained of pretty much everything except a large pot of green tea and a small portion of Mr. Meek. The chop that the cat hadn't eaten was especially well done. It could be quite safely left on the window sill with a whole legion of cats around it. Mr. Meek, however, simply left it in the coal bin. In point of either color or hardness it would have been difficult to have found a more fitting place for it.

Then there came over Mr. Meek's face a terrible expression. He brought in a pail (it was the scrubbing pail, which he had mistaken for the scrap pail, but no matter) and poured the soup carefully into it, throwing the pan about five feet, into the sink. Next he scraped the potatoes into the same pail, and again another pan followed the course of the first in getting to the sink. Then he poured the tomatoes on top of the potatoes, and still a third pan got to the sink with unusual rapidity. It cannot be definitely stated whether or not Mr. Meek, in doing this, was actuated by the desire to prepare some famous hunter's dish relished in the dear old camping days gone by, but certain it is no sooner did he get the tomatoes nicely on top of the potatoes than he took the whole thing and tossed it, pail and all, into the outer lane.

This accomplished he proceeded to make a meal off the cold ham and some bread and butter—the cooking butter, of course.

Just as he was finishing Mrs. Meek returned. "Why, James, she cried cheerfully, "you never sent the cab for me, and I waited nearly an hour."

"No," said her husband calmly, "I've been terribly busy. Men from New York—just got home a little while ago. This is a very good ham—a shade overdone, isn't it?"

"Perhaps a shade less wouldn't have hurt it. Let me get you a piece of pie?" "No, thank you. No cold pie for me when there's hot apples in the oven. I'll tell you what you might do. You might bring 'em in if you're not too tired."

Mrs. Meek departed on her mission.

In a few moments she reappeared, and, without moving a muscle, placed the plate of baked apples before her lord and master. They were about the size of walnuts and the color of ebony. Judging by the way they rattled on the plate they were rather harder than fruit.

Mr. Meek rose with an awful look in his eye.

"I'm afraid," observed his wife, "they are like the ham—just a shade overdone."

"If I ever catch that cat," remarked Mr. Meek, as that sleek feline purred past him with a playful frisk of its tail, "I'll break every bone in its body"—only he described its body with sundry adjectives that were very strange to the ears of Mrs. Meek. At least, so she said when she described the occurrence to her bosom friend, Mrs. Miggins, next day.—New York Truth.

An Old Loaf.

The Soar family of Ambaston, Derbyshire, England, have a curious heirloom in the shape of a loaf of bread that is now over 600 years old. The founders of the family, it appears, were great friends of King John. When that monarch died he made several land grants to the Soars. One of these tracts, it appears, had always been conveyed with a loaf of bread along with the "writings," and the deed and the loaf are both kept to this day as sacred relics.

Wild Horses in Queensland.

Wild horses have increased to such an extent in Queensland that the animals are being shot, with a view to reducing the numbers.

A POSTMASTER'S WIFE

A LEEDS WOMAN WHO ASTONISHED HER FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS.

Near to Death, but Restored So Completely that She Has Been Accepted by a Life Insurance Company as a Good Risk.

From the Journal, Leicester, Me.

A bright little woman, rosy and fresh from her household duties, dropped into a chair before the writer and talked with enthusiasm shining in her snapping black eyes.

The people in the pretty village of Leeds Center, Me., have watched with some interest the restoration to complete health of Mrs. W. L. Francis, wife of the postmaster. So general were the comments on this interesting case that the writer who visited Mrs. Francis and learned from her that the statements regarding her troubles and her subsequent extrication therefrom are entirely true. That others may be benefited by her experience, Mrs. Francis has consented to allow her story to appear in print.

"If there is anything on earth I dread more than another," she said, "it is to see my name in the papers. But in this case I conquer my repugnance and give publicly the same credit to the savior of my life as I would to one who had dragged me from a death beneath the waves. In fact, I have extolled my preserver so enthusiastically and unreservedly, have sought out sufferers and recommended the remedy to so many friends and acquaintances that already my neighbors jealously call me, 'Pink Pills Francis.' But really, my recovery is something that I consider wonderful. I know that there are so many testimonials of medicine in the papers nowadays that people do not pay as much heed as formerly, but I do wish folks who are suffering would remember that what I say comes right from the heart of a woman who feels that she had a new lease of happy life given to her."

"Eleven years ago I was afflicted with nervous prostration. My existence until two years ago was one of dragging misery. Anyone in the village will tell you of my condition. My blood seemed exhausted from my veins and month after month I grew weaker. I was able to undertake only the lightest household work, and even then I could perform it only by slow and careful movements. During all these sorry months and years I was under the care of this doctor and that, but their medicines helped me only spasmodically, and then I fell into relapses more prostrating than ever."

"In the night I used to be awakened by the most excruciating pains in my heart and side, and was obliged to use pellets of powerful medicine that the doctor gave me for relief in such attacks. At last my condition became so grave that I went out only infrequently. 'We live up stairs, you notice, over my husband's store, and in descending the stairs I frequently was obliged to sort of fall and slide over the steps in order to descend, such was the strain on my system resulting from even this slight exertion. Occasionally I visited the neighbors, but I was obliged to sit and rest to recover breath while ascending any elevation. In short, it did not seem that I could live."

"One day I saw an advertisement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and although my faith in remedies was weak by that time, I sent for a box and tried them. That was two years ago. Now I call myself a well woman. Isn't it wonderful?"

"I haven't had one of those excruciating pains in the heart for a year and a half. Why, even the first box of pills helped me. I can walk miles now, and my work easily; have gained in weight constantly, and you would scarcely believe it, but a little while ago I was examined for endowment life insurance and was accepted unhesitatingly after a careful examination by the physician."

"Do you wonder that I'm shouting 'Pink Pills' all through our village? I haven't taken any of the remedy for some months, for it has completely built me up, but at the first sign of trouble I know to what refuge to flee."

"Last year my aunt, Mrs. M. A. Blossom, of Dixfield, P. O., was here visiting me. She was suffering from lack of vitality and heart trouble, but she was skeptical about my remedy that I was so enthusiastically advocating. At last, however, she tried it and carried some home with her when she went. A little while ago I received a letter from her and in it said, 'I am cured, thanks to God and Pink Pills.' She also wrote that her husband had been prostrated, but had been restored by the remedy."

"We feel up this way that such a sovereign cure cannot be too widely known. That is the only reason why I allow my name to be used in this connection. I know also that by personally recommending them I have helped many of my friends back to health, for I never let an opportunity pass when a word of counsel may direct some one."

One of the persons to whom Mrs. Francis recommended Pink Pills is Station Agent C. E. Foster of Leeds Center, and the reporter found him patrolling the platform awaiting the arrival of the morning train. Mr. Foster, who is one of the most trustworthy, capable and energetic men in the employ of the Maine Central R.R., appeared in usual good health and spirits, and we made inquiry as to the cause.

"Do you know," replied he, "I think I've made a discovery, or at least Mrs. Francis has for me. I have been in poor health for a long time with a heart trouble seriously complicated. I have been so fully interested in Mrs. Francis' wonderful recovery that I at once determined to give the medicine recommended a thorough test. So, about two months ago, I bought the first box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Only two months, please note, and already I am so much improved, so much better able to fulfill my duties, so sanguine that I am on the road to recovery, that I feel like a new man."

"I can now walk without the fatigue I once experienced, my heart affection appears to be relieved, and I have joined the Pink Pills Band in our community."

Mr. Foster commenced taking the pills at a time when he was completely prostrated, after he had suffered such a severe attack of heart trouble that it was necessary to carry him home from his office. Since then he has faithfully adhered to the remedy and is constantly improving, so much so as to excite his enthusiasm and his gratitude.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing Dr. Williams' Med. Co., Schenectady, N.Y.

Two of a Kind.

A literary anecdote is told in the Bookman of a young lady in Providence, R. I., who was asked the other day by her uncle to make some purchases for him, of which he gave her a written list. The first item was "Scott's Emulsion," and, after glancing at it, the intelligent young woman made straight for a certain large book-shop, where she was received by an equally intelligent salesman. "I want a copy of Scott's Emulsion," said she, casually. "Scott's what?" said the clerk. "Scott's Emulsion," replied the maiden. "Oh, yes," was the answer; "well, you see, we don't sell Scott's works except in complete sets."

If Remote from Medical Help,

Doubly essential is it that you should be provided with some reliable family medicine. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the best of its class, remedying thoroughly as it does such common ailments as indigestion, constipation and biliousness, and affording safe and speedy help in malarial cases, rheumatism and inactivity of the kidneys.

If Abdul Hamid Kahn, Sultan of Turkey, should lose his job, he could probably get work as a cowboy. He has a stable of two thousand horses, and he can break a dozen glass vases with a revolver while galloping past them.

Hall's Catarrh Cure
Is taken internally. Price 75 cents.

Some of the hungriest people in the world are those who have the most wealth.

He was madly, passionately in love—won by the matchless beauty of her complexion. Glenn's Sulphur Soap had imparted the charm. Of druggists.

Good advice and timely assistance alleviate much human suffering.

For lung and chest diseases, Piso's Cure is the best medicine we have used.—Mrs. J. L. Northcott, Windsor, Ont., Canada.

In all things it is better to hope than to despair.

Buy \$1 worth Dobbin's Floating Borax Soap of your grocer, send wrappers to Dobbin's Soap Mfg. Co., Philadelphia, Pa. They will send you, free of charge, a paid, a Worcester Pocket Dictionary, 208 pages, 6c. bound, probably illustrated. Offer good till Aug. 1st.

To be contented with what we have is about the same as to own the earth.

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Cuts out the pain, reduces inflammation, cures colic, wind, cholera, etc. Price 25c. a bottle.

"A Fair Face Cannot Atone for An Untidy House."

Use

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"Cut Down Expenses."

BattleAx

PLUG

A woman knows what a bargain really is. She knows better than a man.

"BATTLE AX" is selected every time by wives who buy tobacco for their husbands. They select it because it is an honest bargain. It is the biggest in size, the smallest in price, and the best in quality. The 5 cent piece is almost as large as the 10 cent piece of other high grade brands.

Wash us with Pearline!

"That's all we ask. Save us from that dreadful rubbing—It's wearing us out!"

"We want Pearline—the original washing-compound—the one that has proved that it can't hurt us—Pearline! Don't experiment on us with imitations! We'd rather be rubbed to pieces than eaten up."

Willson's Pearline

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If he will not supply you we will.

"Home Dressmaking Made Easy," a new book by Miss Emma M. Hooper, of the Ladies' Home Journal, sent for 25c., postage paid.

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